

# TARZAN

By EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS

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Join the camp of the shufas, Tarzan of the Apes had stolen silently to capture a white man. Killing the lone sentry with a powerful thrust, Tarzan had quickly cut the captive's bonds and the two were about to make away in the night.

At that moment, however, Tarzan's faithful lion, Numa, chose to let forth a mighty roar of triumph. So close was the lion that the sudden shortening of the deep silence of the night started every sleeper into wakefulness. A dozen men rubbed their matchlocks and leaped from their shelters. In the waning light of the fire they saw no lion; but they did see their liberated captive and they saw Tarzan of the Apes standing beside him.

One of the shufas, who had encountered Tarzan earlier that day, recognized him at once. "It is he!" he shouted loudly to his companions. "It is the white demon who killed our friends today."

"Kill them both!" cried the leader of the shufas.

Completely surrounding the two white men, the shufas advanced upon them; but they dared not fire because of fear that they might wound one of their own comrades. Nor could Tarzan throw an arrow or cast a spear because he had left all his weapons except his knife and his rope hidden in a tree above the camp.

One of the bandits rushed to close quarters with his musket clubbed. It was his undoing. The ape-man crouched and as the other was almost upon him, charged. The musket butt, swinging through the air to strike him down, was seized and wrenched from the shufa's grasp as though it had been a toy in a child's hands.

Tossing the matchlock at the feet of his companion, Tarzan laid hold upon the rash shufa and held him as a shield against the weapons of his fellows. Two of the other shufas rushed in

behind the ape-man. But Tarzan's companion had grabbed the musket and holding it by the muzzle was using it as a club. The musket butt struck the forehead of the bandit on the side of the head and the second bandit leaped back just in time to avoid a similar fate.

Meanwhile, Tarzan, using the musket in his grasp as a shield, sought to mow down those standing between him and liberty but there were many of them and pitifully they succeeded in dragging their comrades from the clutches of the ape-man. The shufas were now in a transport of rage and several of them had withdrawn to one side where they might have free use of their weapons. One of them in particular was well placed and he now raised his matchlock and took careful aim at Tarzan.

As the man raised his weapon, a scream of warning burst from the lips of one of his comrades so he was drawn by the throaty roar of Numa, the lion, as the swift rush of his charge carried him over the brush and into the midst of the camp.

The man who would have killed Tarzan cast a quick backward glance as the warning cry appeared from his danger, and when he saw the lion he cast aside his rifle in his excitement and terror. In his anxiety to escape the fangs of the man-eater he rushed into the arms of the ape-man.

In that brief instant, as the lion pounced, crouching, Tarzan seized the fleeing shufa, lifted him high over his head and hurled him into the face of Numa. Then, as the lion reared at prey and its great jaws closed on the head and shoulder of the hapless bandit, Tarzan managed to his companion to follow him and, running directly past the lion, leaped the brush. Before the bandits had recovered from the shock and the surprise of the lion's unexpected charge, the two white men had disappeared into the shadows of the night.



When Jim Blake decided that he could no longer agree with his companion, the arrogant Wilbur Stimbol, on their expedition in Africa, he divided the stores into equal piles, and waited for Stimbol to return from the hunt.

Finally Stimbol appeared, and by the sullen demeanor of his blacks, Blake feared there would be trouble persuading any of them to go with Stimbol.

"I see you've got the stuff laid out," remarked Stimbol. "Now how about the niggers?"

"That's not going to be so easy. You haven't treated them very well and there will not be many of them anxious to return with you," said Blake.

"There's where you're wrong, Blake. The trouble with you is that you're too easy with 'em. They haven't any respect for you."

"How do you propose we select the men?" asked Blake.

"Well, I'd like you to have those men who may wish to accompany you—I'll grant there are a few—so we'll just have 'em all up, and I'll tell all those who wish to return with your safari to step forward, then I'll choose some good men from what are left and make up enough that way to complete your quota—see? That's fair enough, isn't it?"

"It's quite fair," agreed Blake. He was hoping that the plan would work out that easily.

"In the event that one of us has difficulty in securing the requisite number of volunteers," Blake added, "I believe we can enlist the necessary men by offering a bonus to be paid upon safe arrival at railroad. If I am short of men, I shall be willing to do so."

"Not a bad idea if you're afraid you can't hold 'em together after I leave you," said Stimbol. "It will be an added factor of safety for you, too; but as for me my men will live up to their original agreement or there'll be some mighty sick niggers in these parts." He glanced about until his eyes fell on a head man. "Here, you!" he called. "Come here and make it snappy."

The black approached and stopped before them.

"Gather up every one in camp," directed Stimbol. "Have them up here in five minutes."

"Yes, Bwana."

As the head man withdrew Stimbol turned to Blake. "Any stranger in camp today?" he asked.

"No, why?"

"Run across a wild man while I was hunting," replied Stimbol. "He ordered me out of the jungle. What do you know about that?" and Stimbol laughed.

"Who is he?"

"Calls himself Tarzan."

"Why did he order you out?" asked Blake.

"He wouldn't let me shoot a gorilla I'd been stalking. The fellow saved the gorilla from a python, killed the python, ordered me out of the jungle, said he'd visit us in camp later and walked away with the gorilla like they were old pals. I never saw anything like it, but it doesn't make any difference to me who or what he thinks he is, I know who and what I am and it's going to take more than a half-wit to scare me out of this country till I'm good and ready to go."

"So you think Tarzan of the Apes is a half-wit?"

"I think anyone's a half-wit who'd run about this jungle naked and unarmed."

"You'll find he's not a half-wit, Stimbol; and unless you want to get in more trouble than you ever imagined existed, you'll do just as Tarzan of the Apes tells you to do."





"What do you know about him? Have you ever seen him?"

"No," replied Blake, "But I have heard a lot about him from our men."

"Well, all I've got to say is that if this monkey-man knows when he's well off he'll not come butting into the affairs of Wilbur Stimbol."

"Well, I certainly want to see him," said Blake. "I've heard of little else since we struck his country."

"Here are the men," said Stimbol. He turned toward the waiting porters and askari and cleared his throat. "Mr. Blake and I are going to separate," he announced. "Everything has been divided. He is going to get half the porters and half the askari, and I want to tell you right now that half of you are going with Mr. Blake whether you like it or not."

He paused, impressively, then continued, "As usual I wish to keep every one contented and happy, so I'm going to give you your choice. All those who are willing to accompany Mr. Blake go over on that side!"

There was a moment's hesitation upon the part of the men and then some of them moved quietly over among Blake's packs. Others followed until all of the men stood upon Blake's side.

Stimbol turned to Blake with a laugh. "Did you ever see such a dumb bunch? No one could have explained the thing more simply than I and yet look at 'em! Not one of them understood me!"

"Are you quite sure of that, Stimbol?" inquired Blake.

Stimbol scowled. "Don't be a fool," he snapped. "Of course they misunderstood me." He turned angrily toward the men. "You thick-skulled, black idiots! I did not say that you all had to go with Mr. Blake—only those who wished to. Now the rest of you—get back on this side with my packs, and step lively!"

No one moved in the direction of Stimbol's packs. The man flushed.

"Don't be a fool, Stimbol," said Blake. "No one has influenced the men. The plan was yours. The men have done just what you told them to. If it had not been for your insufferable egotism you would have known precisely what the outcome would be.

a nose black men are human beings. You strike them, you curse them, you insult them, and they fear and hate you. You have sowed and now you are reaping. There is just one way to get your men and that is to offer them a big bonus."

Stimbol, his self assurance shaken at last, looked about helplessly. In all those eyes there was no single friendly glance. He turned to Blake. "See what you can do with them," he said.

Blake faced the men. "It will be necessary for half of you to accompany Mr. Stimbol back to the coast," he said. "He will pay double wages to all those who go with him, provided that you serve him loyally. Talk it over among yourselves and send word to us later by your head man. That is all. You may go."

After the evening meal, Blake sent his boy to summon them and presently they came.

"Well, have the men decided who will accompany Mr. Stimbol?" he asked.

"No one will accompany the old bwana," replied their spokesman.

"But Mr. Stimbol will pay them well," Blake reminded, "and half of you must go with him."

The black shook his head. "He could not make the pay big enough," he said.

"You agreed to come out with us and return with us," said Blake. "You must fulfill your agreement."

"We agreed to go with both of you. There was nothing said about returning separately. We will live up to our agreement and the old bwana may return in safety with the young bwana." There was finality in the tone of the spokesman.

Blake thought for a moment. "You may go," he said. "I will talk with you again in the morning."

The blacks had departed but a moment when the figure of a man appeared suddenly out of the darkness into the light of the camp fire.

"Who the—oh, it's the wild man, Blake," exclaimed Stimbol.



The young American turned and surveyed the figure of the bronze giant. He noted the clean-cut features, the quiet dignity, the majestic mien and smiled inwardly at recollection of Stimbol's description of this god-like creature—half-wit!

"So you are Tarzan of the Apes?" he asked.

Tarzan inclined his head. "And you?" he asked.

"I am Jim Blake of New York," replied the American.

"Hunting of course?"

"With a camera."

"Your companion was using a rifle," Tarzan reminded him.

"I am not responsible for his acts. I cannot control them," replied Blake.

"I overheard the conversation between you and the head men," Tarzan said. "After you separate—what are your plans?"

"I had planned to go north a way in search of lion pictures," replied Blake. "I dislike going back without anything to show for the time and money I have put into the expedition, but now that the men have refused to accompany us separately there is nothing for it but to return to the coast by the shortest route."

"You don't take me into consideration at all," grumbled Stimbol. "You forget that I'm here to hunt, and what's more I'm going to hunt."

Tarzan ignored Stimbol. "Get ready to move out about an hour after sunrise," he said to Blake. "There will be no trouble about dividing the safari. I shall be here to attend to that and give you your final instructions," and as he spoke he turned and disappeared in the darkness.

Before dawn the camp was astir and by the appointed hour all was in readiness. The foliage of a nearby tree moved to the swaying of a branch and Tarzan of the Apes dropped lightly into the camp. Exclamations of surprise broke from the lips of the negroes—surprise clearly tinged with terror. The ape-man turned toward them and addressed them in their own dialect.



"I am Tarzan of the Apes," he said, "Lord of the Jungle. You will listen well and do as Tarzan commands."

"You," he pointed to the chief head man, "shall accompany the younger white man whom I will permit to make pictures in my country where and when he will. Select half the men of the safari to accompany the young bwana."

"And you," he addressed another head man, "take those men that remain and escort the older bwana to railroad in the most direct route and without delay. He is not permitted to hunt and there will be no killing except for food or self-defense. Do not fail me. Remember always that Tarzan watches and Tarzan never forgets."

He turned then to the white men. "Blake," he said, "the arrangements are made. You may leave when you please, with your own safari, and go where you please."

"And you," he addressed Stimbol, "will be taken directly out of the country by the shortest route. You will be permitted to carry fire-arms for use in self-defense. If you abuse this permission they will be taken away from you."

"Now just hold your horses," blustered Stimbol. "If you think I'm going to put up with any such high-handed interference you're very much mistaken."

Tarzan turned to the head man he had selected for Stimbol. "Take good care of this white man if he obeys me and deliver him safely at railroad. Obey his orders if they do not conflict with those that I have given you. Go!"

A moment later Stimbol's safari was preparing to depart. Blake's, too, was moving out of camp. Stimbol swore and threatened, but his men sullenly ignored him, and filed off into the jungle toward the east. Tarzan had departed, swinging into the trees and disappearing among the foliage, and at last Stimbol stood alone in the deserted camp.

Thwarted, humiliated, he ran after his men, screaming commands and threats that were ignored. Later in the day, sullen and silent, he marched near the head of the long file of porters and askari, convinced at last that the power of the ape-man was greater than his!





James Hunter Blake, the young American explorer, had wandered inadvertently into the strange Valley of Nimmer, where lived a great settlement of people in the customs and manners of the Crusaders, believing that they were defending the Holy Land against the Saracens.

While Tarzan roamed the jungle looking for his young Blake had been accepted into this strange society and was now well known and widely respected as Sir Juman.



Every year, the two rival factions of the great Valley, the Knights of the Sepulcher under King Bohan and the Knights of Nimmer under Prince Gohard, held a great prize known as the Great Tourney. It consisted of a truce between the two warring factions during which they carried on their warfare under special tournament rules, with the prize consisting of five maidens whom the winners took back with them to their own city and who were never again to see their friends and relatives.

Upon the plain before the City of Nimmer, preparations for the tourney had been in progress for many days and because of Blake's rapid development as a knight at arms and his somewhat surprising victory over Sir Malad in a challenge bout with sword and buckler, he was numbered among the Knights of Nimmer who were selected to defend the colors of Prince Gohard.

As he came from his quarters on the opening day of the tourney, followed by Edward bearing his lance and buckler, he appeared a somber figure among the resplendent knights, because he had chosen to array himself and his charger in solid black. He immediately attracted a great deal of attention, particularly among the ladies.

The Princess Gualaith was there and Blake, as always, caught her eye. Strangely aloof since Blake had heard Sir Malad, the Princess merely inclined her head slightly at his approach and commanded her conversation with a maiden who accompanied her.

Blake did not turn and walk away, however, but stood quietly before her, patiently waiting for her to notice him again. At last, Gualaith began to blink and show her agitation. She bade the maiden begone and turned angrily upon Blake.

"I was right!" she snapped. "Then here a forward boor. Why standeth thou thus staring at me when I have made it plain that I wouldst not be annoyed by thee?"

"Because—," Blake hesitated, "because I love you."

"Savest?" cried Gualaith, springing to her feet. "How darest thou?"

"I would dare anything for you, my Princess," continued Blake calmly. "Because I love you."

"Then best!" exclaimed Gualaith after a short pause. "I have heard what thou hast said concerning me!" and without waiting for his reply, she brushed past him and walked away.

Before Blake could continue the conversation, a trumpet sounded from the north gate leading into the julfium. It was the signal for the knights to mount.

"Come, James," called Sir Richard, grabbing Blake by the arm. "We should have been mounted before now because we ride in the front rank of the knights today."

Amid the greatest pageantry, the knights of Nimrod and the knights of the Sepulcher paraded into the ballroom and King Bohan and Prince Gobred stood each other for the champions that opened the Tourney. Bohan drew rein and stared arrogantly at Gobred.

"Thy five ranches are as good as ours," he said with confidence, "but give me thy daughter, Princess Guandale to be my queen and I will grant thee the tourney."

Gobred went white with anger but when he replied his voice was low and even.

"Sir Bohan," he said, "thy words are an offense to the ears of honorable men, implying as they do that the daughter of a Gobred be for sale and that the honor of the knighthood of Nimrod may be bartered for. Get thee hence to thine own side of the lists before I set teeth upon ye to drive ye there with sword!"

And as the Great Tourney began with both sides keyed to the highest pitch, Blake's sword and buckler encounter with a Knight of the Sepulcher was scheduled for the first event of the day. When the lists were cleared, he rode in to a harbor of trumpets, drawing rein before the logs of Gobred, where he raised the hilt of his sword to his lips, though his eyes were upon Guandale.



"Conduct thyself as a true knight this day to the glory and honor of Nimrod," charged Gobred, "and may the blessings of Our Lord be upon thee and thy sword, our well-beloved Sir James."

"To the glory and honor of Nimrod I pledge my sword and my life!" should have been Blake's reply according to the usages of the Great Tourney.

"To the glory and honor of Nimrod and to the protection of my Princess I pledge my sword and my life!" is what he said and it was evident from the expression on Gobred's face that he was not displeased, while the look of haughty disdain which had been upon Guandale's face softened.

The trumpets blared again. Blake cast aside his back/ he and turned to put spurs to his charger. Straight down the center of the lists he rode. From the opposite end came a Knight of the Sepulcher to meet him!

"Sir James! Sir James!" cried the spectators in the stands on the south side, while the north stands answered with the name of their champion.

"Who is the Black Knight?" asked many a man in the north stands of his neighbor.

"He hath no backer!" cried some. "He be mad! Sir Guy will cleave him open at the first pass! Sir Guy! Sir Guy!"

Down the field thundered the two champions. They were almost met when Sir Guy realized that his adversary had no shield. This discovery had its effect on the Knight of the Sepulcher and for just a moment, his mind was diverted from the thought that should have been uppermost—gaining the primary advantage by the skill of his opening attack.

He saw his adversary's horse swing out just before they met. He used it to his advantage to deliver a terrific cut, then Blake threw his horse straight into the shoulder of Sir Guy's. The latter's sword fell and with a head, charging mass slipped harmlessly from the blade of the

**Knight of Nones.** Guy had raised his own buckler to protect his head and neck and could not see Sir James. Guy's horse stumbled and nearly fell. As it recovered itself, Blake's blade slipped beneath the buckle of the Knight of the Sepulcher and its point passed the gorget of his adversary and passed through his throat.

With a cry that ended in a blood-choked gurgle, Sir Gap tumbled backward upon his horse's rump and rolled upon the ground while the south winds went mad with joy.

Blake leaped from his horse and approached the fallen knight. With an arm beneath Sir Guy's shoulder he raised him and held him against his knee while he tore off his helm and gorget, and when the marshals and heralds drew near beside him, Blake was trying to staunch the flow of blood.

"Quick!" he cried to them, "a surgeon! His papular is not touched but this flow of blood must be stopped."

"Come!" said Sir Richard, taking Blake by the arm.

"Leave the Sir Knight to his own friends!"

Blake went. He saw how peculiar were the expressions upon the faces of the knights about him but as he drew away but one of them, an older man who was one of Behn's marshals, spoke.

"Thou art a generous and dauntless knight," he said to Blake, "and a courageous one too who would thus set at naught the laws of the Great Tourney and the customs of centuries."

And then, in a spirit of American sportsmanship, James Blake stared the Knights of Nones on the road to victory.

